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President descended to be greeted by the Prime Minister and others, to inspect a guard of honor, listen to national anthems, and make a speech.

He and Macmillan are quartered in lush private houses. The rest of the party, consisting of about forty persons (Secret Service guards, military personnel and miscellaneous characters) are staying at the elaborate and beautiful Lyford Cay Club.

Mac Bundy had us at work by noon, our group consisting of Bob McNamara, Paul Nitze, George Ball, Bill Tyler. We knocked off for a lobster salad lunch. The President summoned us, and we discussed tactics

The President, after a private talk with Macmillan, came down to the club and told us about it.

Afterwards, more papers were drafted in preparation for tomorrow.

December 19, 1962 - Wednesday

Meetings, meetings and meetings, with and without the British.

We lunched at the PM's today. The personal relationships are delightful, but the bargaining is tough and realistic.

I have never seen the President in action before, and find him most impressive. His mind is acute, quick and comprehensive. He reads papers swiftly, but seems to catch every slip or specious argument. He expresses his thoughts easily, and with polish. He is unusually courteous and hospitable. I find nothing in him unpraiseworthy. There is no doubt of his masterful qualities. His leadership is at once apparent. He is tall, handsome, slim-waisted, well dressed. He moves gracefully and purposefully. His humor, and his enjoyment of others' witticisms, is keen. Altogether, a man to be proud of.

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